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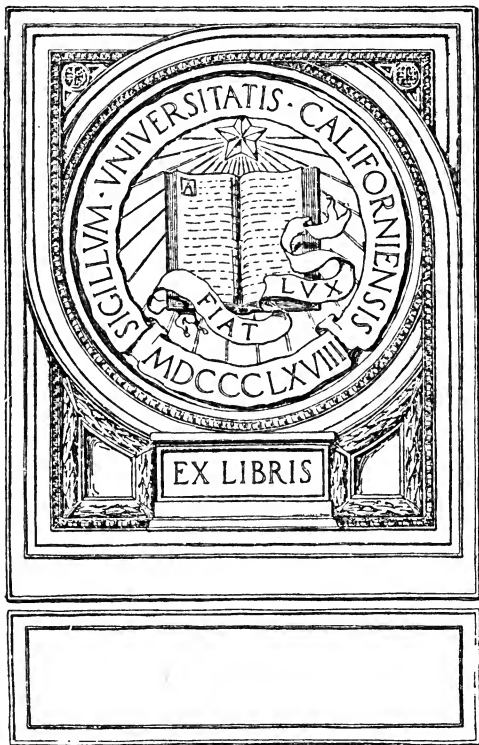
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THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN
IN BOHEMIA



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THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

BY

KATE B. PALMER

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SAN FRANCISCO

1913

Class of 1887

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FOREST SCENE. SCENE I.

*Curtain disclosing forest in purple twilight.
Introducing music,—UG motif.*

Enter FOREST VOICE:—

Robed in green gauzy drapes veiled by wood-colored chiffon variegated, a light green chiffon drape falling from head over shoulders, held on head by wreath of redwood sprays; hair flowing, white sandalled feet, an owl in her left hand. Throughout the short play she does the reciting which introduces the acts.

FOREST VOICE.

The great trees listen for the song
Of wondrous themes,
When stars and twilight weave repose
And Nature dreams;
No chirp of bird among their boughs
Cathedral spires;
Descending rose-shafts wreath the hour
When day expires.

FOREST VOICE remains on stage through the play.

Music in variations of UG, suited to forest.

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

FOREST VOICE.

Oft comes the sensuous wooing of a wind
Athrill the forest wakens to its kiss,
Impassioned, strains its branches to embrace
The wanton leaves it in expectant bliss.
Wind music,—UG motif.

FOREST VOICE.

Sweet as the summer fragrance of a rose,
Young Night descends, her dark form lightly clad,
A jewelled crescent on her peerless brow
A senseful languor in her movements glad.

*Music of UG, one bar, then music introducing
NIGHT, who dances the dance of Night.*

*NIGHT is garbed in short black skirt, very full
above ankles, of accordion-pleated chiffon,
draped with jewelled black veil, a crescent on
her forehead, a single star on back of each
wrist to which another veil is attached, black
sandals.*

*After her dance, she retires to back of stage,
taking a graceful, easy position.*

*Soft music accompanying FOREST VOICE
through each of her stanzas.*

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

FOREST VOICE.

Forgot the moan and passion of the wind,
E'en as the pain that living things must know,
Full starved for sleep, the wood-clan yield their all
Of dew-pressed fragrance, 'neath her feet of snow.

*Violin introducing NIGHTINGALE. Nightin-
gale dance.*

*Dancer in soft shades of violet chiffon, draped
on arms to suggest wings. NIGHTINGALE
goes back, making a picture with NIGHT.*

END OF FIRST PART.

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

PART II. SCENE II.

Musical Introduction.

Few bars.

FOREST VOICE.

The spires in moonlit glory upwards point,
Eternal Vigilants thro' centuries past;
Each day they wait the coming of their queen,
Then yield her sadly at King Phoebus' blast.

Oft a sweet vision, reared among the gods
Comes woman-like, in spite of warnings given,
Longing to know the mysteries of earth,
Material things that had no source in Heaven.

Enter SPIRIT OF WOMAN. Singing in commanding, masterful style.

SPIRIT OF WOMAN.

Thou Ug, graven image of fear,
Back, back to the Shades, disappear!
Thou Bacchus, with hoofed, shaggy crew,
Go forth through the trees, starred with dew!
Silenus, with spice of thy drink
Woo dryads to Lethean brink;
Ho, Zephyr, lead on as they trip,
In cool, pearly fountains to sip!

*She has cleared the forest of its male occupants.
Interlude of a measure, then in softer mood
continues:*

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

Alone in the forest am I

Above me the hooting owls cry;

I came on the edge of a cloud,

The gods in deep sorrow were bowed;

They swore that Bohemia must weep,

If I, in this forest, should sleep.

*Two bars of music. Style changing to more
reckless mood.*

Brave Spirit of Woman,—I laugh

At their fears and their oaths,—foolish chaff!

Mayhap in this grove, old forsooth,

Mother Eve strayed with Adam in youth:

In reckless defiance of law

I stand in this temple—no awe

Of man or his high-priests I feel,

But soft to their senses would steal

And woo them to welcome my mood

As comrade in this sheltered wood.

This mankind, who fear, yet do love,

And claim this Olympian grove

Have left their grey fire-embers low;

I'll stir them to cardinal glow;—(*Stirs fire*)

And to yon banked verdure will creep

In soft, perfumed silence, to sleep,

Revealing in dreams woman's right,

To spellbound Bohemia to-night.

Curtain as she reclines on bank. Soft music.

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

SCENE III.

FOREST VOICE.

Fair, quiet spirits dwelt within these woods,
Their cloud-veil lifted and they soared above,
Their mem'ries in the Forest Wind is borne,
These sleepers of the early forest love.

Enter WIND OF THE FOREST, or FOREST WIND.

Interlude of Storm music.

*Sings "Song of Sleepers" written for her by
John Vance Cheney.*

FOREST VOICE.

When storms rage wild and shattered monarch falls,
And thick-robed branches hide Heaven's angry eye,
With heart-beats hushed and timid falt'ring step,
We mourn the wrath that chastened,—My Heart
and I.

*FOREST WIND sings "My Heart and I" written
also by John Vance Cheney. Costume,
old rose chiffon, lighter shade of veil, sandals,
hair flowing, old rose veil caught on head,
floating to hem of gown, golden lyre. Music
accompaniment to FOREST VOICE, more
stirring.*

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

SCENE IV.

FOREST VOICE.

Oft cometh strange wild creatures to our shades,
They fill the sylvan calm with ribald sound,
They chant till blush the virgin sward to hear,
And in mad revel toss their limbs around.

*Music changes to lively as women from all parts
of world enter.*

Bars of Russian Bride dance.

RUSSIA, *in gorgeous costume dances—goes to rear.*

SPAIN *enters in Spanish costume with guitar and sings
Spanish song; goes to rear.*

AFRICAN, *in gorgeous cake-walk gown enters and sings
coon song; goes to rear.*

SCOTLAND *enters in full Scotch costume, sings; goes to
rear.*

SUFFRAGETTE *enters, man's silk hat, tuxedo evening
shirt and black cloth skirt, carrying a banner,
"Votes for Woman", does a turn on stage; goes to
rear.*

AMERICA *in costume of red, white and blue spangled
chiffon enters and does two measures of Yankee
Doodle dance.*

INDIAN *maid in Indian costume with bow and arrow
does Indian dance then goes to wings and brings in
EGYPT.*

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

EGYPT *in heavy beaded net gown all bejewelled and crowned does a Veil dance.*

They form a tableau in rear of stage, where SPIRIT OF WOMAN lies asleep on bank. Enter MODERN WOMAN, dragging by hand a FOREST YOUTH, apparently shy, but very handsome. Woman gowned like Nell Brinckley, muchly bejewelled, blonde head, mass of curls and puffs. Gown of white chiffon, embroidered in light blue, very décolleté, one red rose at corsage, very high-heeled red slippers, slit skirt, revealing diamond anklet over slipper. Youth in Robin Hood style of garment.

MODERN WOMAN *sings in very frightened, appealing manner, still holding youth by hand:*

MODERN WOMAN.

When the woodland sleeps and the star-bells ring,
Thou Ug, keep a watch over me!

For the moonbeams lure till the pulses sing,
O Ug, keep a watch over me!

The dove of peace in my woman soul
Is fretting to find a newer goal,
We seek for change as the seasons roll,

O Ug, keep a watch over me!

I found this Youth in the glade alone,
O Ug, keep a watch over me!

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

And his tender heart-sigh stirred my own,

Thou Ug, keep a watch over me!

He is that creature called a man

Whom at a distance we should scan,

On close acquaintance there's a ban—

O Ug, keep a watch over me.

YOUTH, seeing so many women, makes love to each, but is particularly attentive to charming AMERICA. Seeing this MODERN WOMAN sings next verse:

MODERN WOMAN.

Ye Gods, now the mischief has begun,

O Ug, keep a watch over me!

That heart-sigh stunt he is winning on,

Thou Ug, keep a watch over me!

What madness now dares the creature do?

He is going the round of the woman world thro'

And it's Ug, Ug, Ug, you're a "Bunny" too,

But you needn't keep watch over me.

Stately song leads up to syncopated time in Chorus, which MODERN WOMAN sings first time alone, and second with entire cast.

MODERN WOMAN (and Chorus)

For the rag goes on till the stars grow cold,

And they'll "Texas Tom" till the world grows old,

And tango—tango, oh, the joy of it!

Syncopatic, non-aesthetic, just you toy with it.

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

Heaven-wise, roll your eyes,
Sway and swing, mesmerize:
Redwood trees, in the arms of the breeze
Do the Bohemian Rag.

(Repeat whole Company.)

Sudden appearance of CLOUD MAIDEN, in robes of blue and white, with swan's-down trimming and sandalled feet, who stands before the revelers and slowly raises her arms, with flashing eyes and sublime dignity, saying no word. The actors slowly and in awe steal away. CLOUD MAIDEN approaches SPIRIT OF WOMAN on bank, and arouses her. She speaks no word. SPIRIT OF WOMAN, awakening in surprise, allows herself to be raised from bank by CLOUD MAIDEN. Coming to the front, hand in hand, SPIRIT OF WOMAN sings:

SPIRIT OF WOMAN.

Alas, what grief is tugging at my heart!
'Twas but a dream, yet fain would I depart
To woman's sphere, unsullied let me rise,
There men are gods, and love is paradise.
This woman-world, created in my sleep
Far in forgetfulness I'll bury deep;
Methinks the gods were wise; this grove
For man was dedicated.

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

Thither cloud-nymph, ere the moon
Hides her gentle face from sight;
Back where virtue, love and faith
Form the plan of woman's right,
Lead me, Nature's ever unchanged plan—
Woman's noblest altar in the chastened
heart of man.

*Exit SPIRIT OF WOMAN, and CLOUD MAIDEN.
Curtain.*

THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN BOHEMIA

SCENE V.

*Back again to original musical accompaniment
of FOREST VOICE. FOREST VOICE coming
to front of stage for first time.*

FOREST VOICE.

Bohemia, sleep! Thy armored knights attend.

The red deer slumbers in thy shelter cool,
Thy sons have hied them to the marts of trade,
Like lagging urchins, driven forth to school.
When purple grapes have crowned the Autumn's
course,

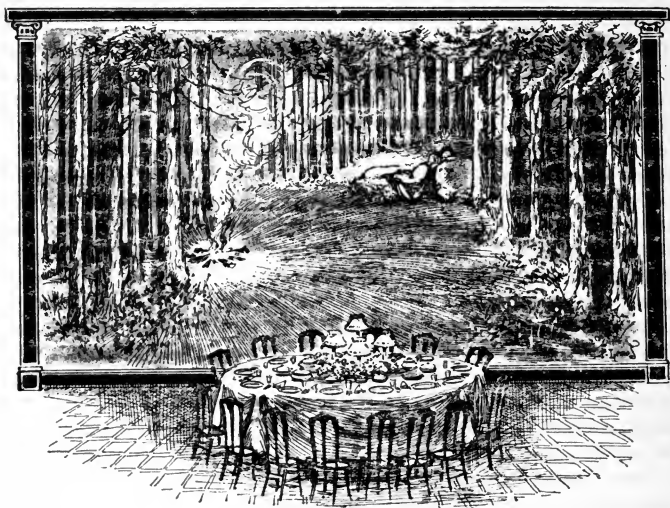
To yield in turn to holly's crimson charm,
And Spring next drops the daffodil to gleam
'Mid golden poppy in the new year's charm—
Once more a Summer browns the velvet hills,
The meadow-lark,—your herald—bids you come;
No lagging step—one purpose—one accord,
You seek again Bohemia,—idyll home;
Where Art and Nature fill the soul's demand,
And heart goes forth to heart at touch of hand;
No care nor fear to mar each precious hour,
Viva Bohemia! In thy matchless dower.

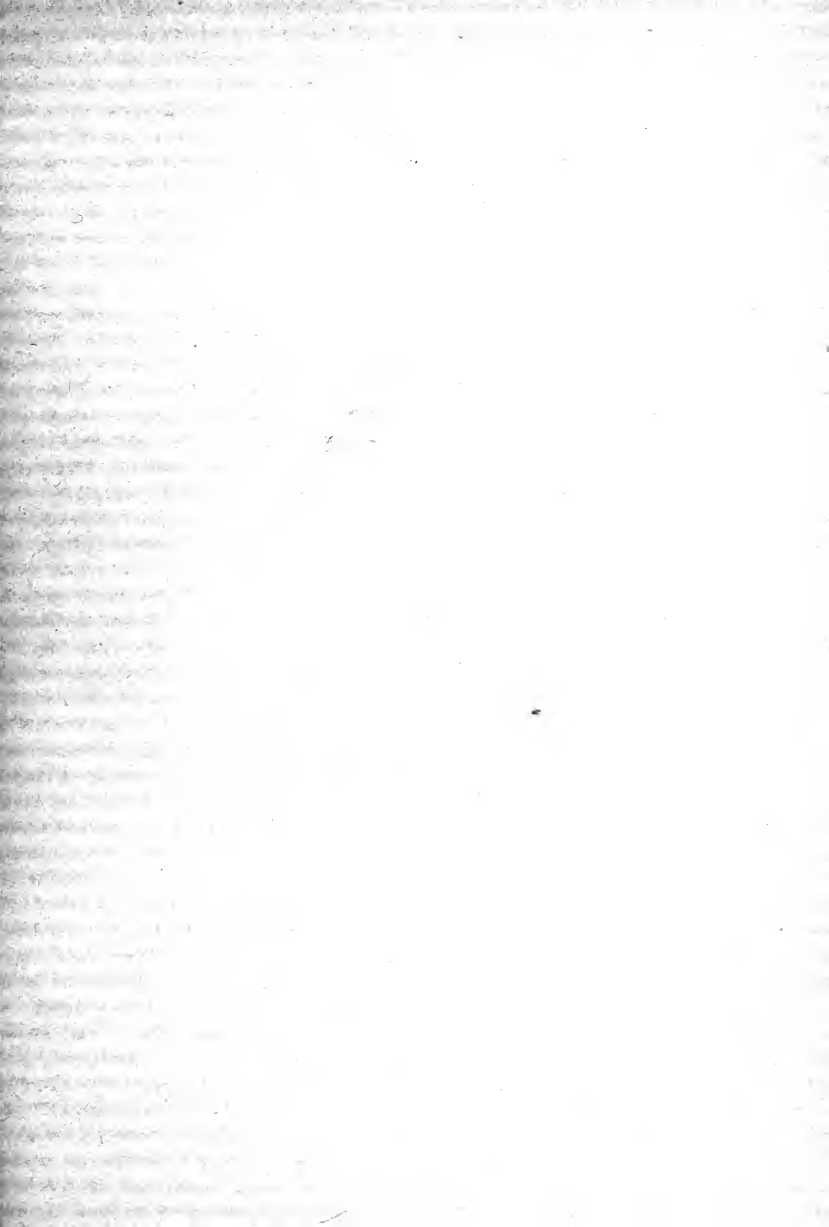
Curtain.

FINIS.

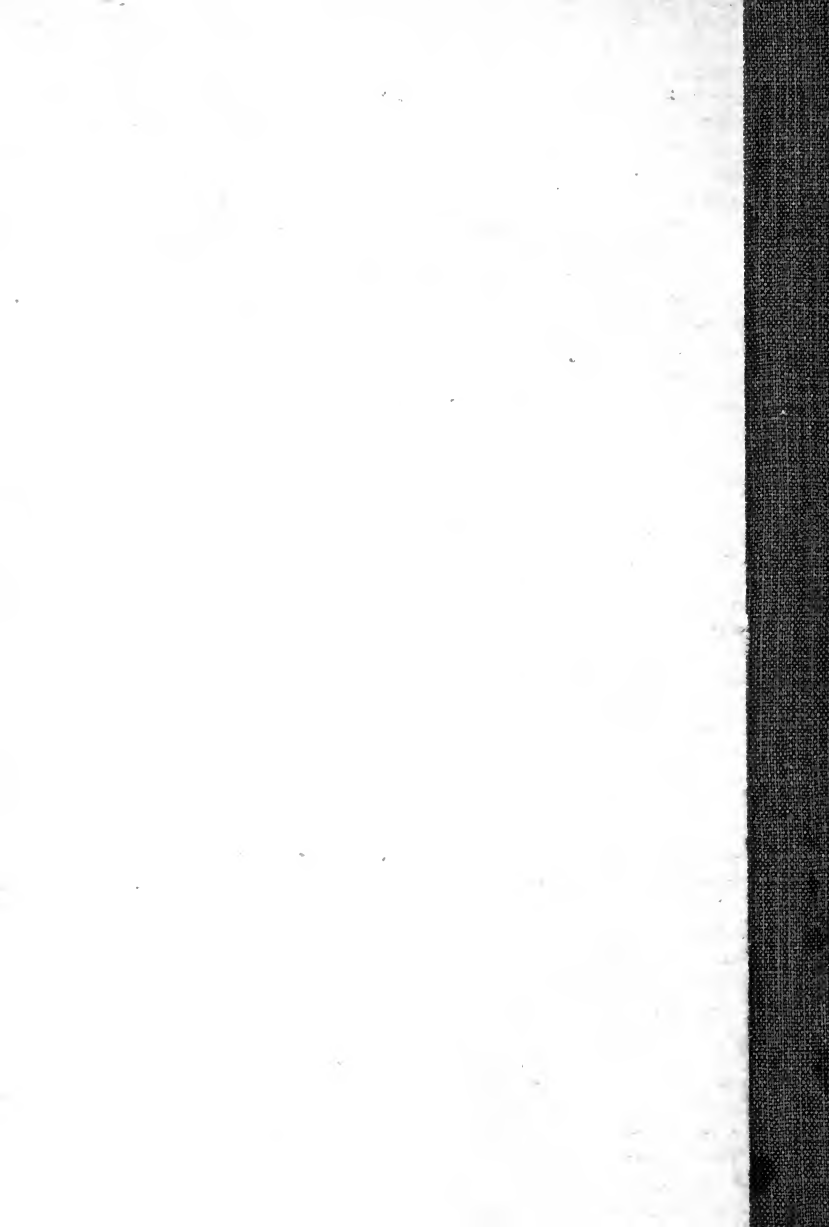


A PLAYLET WRITTEN AND STAGED BY
KATE B. PALMER AT A DINNER GIVEN
AT THEIR HOME BY HER HUSBAND TO
SOME OF HIS BOHEMIAN FRIENDS ON
THE ELEVENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN









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